

# PRIZE COMICS WESTERN

NO. 69

MAY, JUNE  
10c



**STARRING ---  
DUSTY BALLEW**

*The Galloping Ghost of the Range*

# ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

**Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads  
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles  
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS**

*By Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because their neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fect and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unwholesome skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

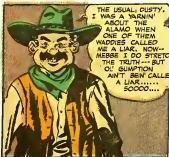
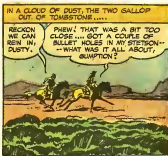
Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 1, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent!



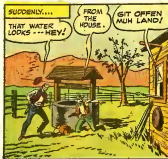
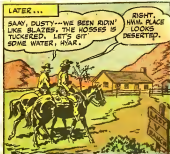
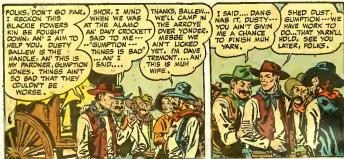
# "DUSTY" BALLEW

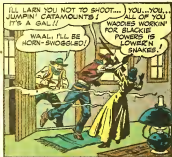


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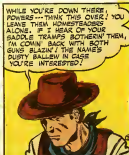






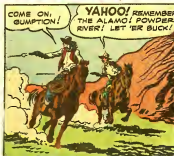












IN THE MEANTIME, BACK AT LAZY V....

WAA! BACK FROM YOUR  
WOOL GATHERIN',  
MISS JULIA?

YOU'RE A BIG  
MAN, BLACKIE----  
A MIGHTY BIG MAN,  
HITTIN' A GIRL.



I'LL SCRATCH  
YOUR EYES  
OUT! I'LL...

WHY, MISS JULIA--- YOU DON'T  
WANT ME TO HIT YOU  
AGAIN, DO YOU?



IT WON'T HELP YOUR HEADACHE NONE,  
BUT BY NOW, YOUR FRIEND DUSTY  
BALLEW AN' THAT OLD SADDLE TRAMP  
PARD OF HIS ARE BUZZARD  
MEAT.... MY BOYS  
AMBUSHED THEM!



GUMPTION, YOU RIDE OVER  
TO THE ARROYO, GIT DAVE  
TREMONT AN' THE OTHER  
HOMESTEADERS, BRING  
EM TO THE LAZY V.  
STRETCH YOUR  
STIRRUPS OLD-  
TIMER.

SHOR, LIKE  
THE FIRST TIME  
I CARRIED THE  
MAIL FROM SAN  
JOSE, WAS WITH  
THE PONY EXPRESS  
...AN'...



WHA! I AINT NEVER  
GOIN' TO FINISH A YARN.  
RECKON I'D BETTER  
MOSEY!



COME ON, HOSS!  
MAKE TIME....  
THERE'S BIG  
TROUBLE UP  
YONDER.









THE LAZO KID, RIDING TO SERENADE HIS FAVORITE SENORITA, RIDES INTO WELCOME, BUT UNEXPECTED TROUBLE.



CATTLEMEN RETURN THE FIRE OF MONTEZ, THE MEXICAN SHEPHERDER, WHO FIRES ON THEM FROM THE WINDOWS OF HIS ADOBE HUT.





EMBATTLED INSIDE HIS ADOBE HUT, MONTEZ, HIS DAUGHTER, MARITA, AND HIS SON, PEDRO, FIGHT IT OUT WITH THE SHEEP HERDER'S ANCIENT ENEMY, THE CATTLEMEN.



QUICK, MARITA! RELOAD MY RIFLE. THESE COWPOKES SOON FIND OUT WHAT IT MEAN TO STEAL A HOLE OF LUIS MONTEZ.

SI, PADRE!

MAKING A DETOUR OUT OF GUN RANGE, THE LAZO KID COMES OUT AT THE REAR OF THE MONTEZ HOME.



WHAT GOES ON AMIGOS? YOU MAKE MUSIC WITH BULLETS NOW? NO?



OH LAZO! GRACIAS DIAS! YOU HAVE COME!

OHWWWW

THESE DEVILS, ZEY TRY TO STEAL MY WATER HOLE THAT I NEED FOR MY SHEEP.



SO THESE COWBOYS WANT A HOLE, SO WE GEEV HEEM NOW A LITTLE HOLE IN THE HAT!

CRACK! CRACK!

DIRK MARDEN AND HIS PARTNER, GAT RIVERS, FIND THE FIRING SUDDENLY GETTING A LITTLE TOO HOT FOR THEM.



WHOR! MUST BE A NEW MAN DOIN' TH' SHOOTIN' NOW!

THAT'S GETTIN' TOO CLOSE! I FEEL SKK ALREADY!

PING!

MARDEN, RIVERS, AND THEIR MEN WITHDRAW TO SAFETY TO TALK THINGS OVER.



THE DEVILS RUN NOW. TO-NIGHT I MAKE THEM A LITTLE VISIT AND SEE IF I CANNOT MAKE PEACE.



I LEAVE ALL IN YOUR HANDS, LAZO, BUT TAKE CARE ZEY DO NOT POOL YOU!

THAT NIGHT THE LAZO KID GAILEY STRUMMING HIS GUITAR, VISITS THE CATTLEMEN...

WELL, WELL! A MEXICAN JUKE BOX WEARIN' COWBOY BOOTS.

AMIGOS, I BRING YOU GREETINGS FROM MONTEZ, THE SHEPHERDER. HE WANTS TO MAKE PEACE WITH YOU.



ALL WE WANT IS TO STOP LONG ENOUGH TO WATER OUR CATTLE. THEN WE'RE DRIVIN' ON SOUTH.

SENORS, FOR TEN PESOS THE WATER HOLE, SHE IS YOURS 'TIL THE SUN, HE RISE IN THE MORNING.



THERE'S YOUR TEN PESOS, KID, AND YOU CAN TELL THE OLD SHEEP HEROER THAT WE'LL BE GONE BY SUNUP.

GRACIAS, SENOR! ADIOS.



THERE YOU ARE, MONTEZ, TEN PESOS AND THESE COWBOYS THEY SWEAR THEY WILL BE VANDOSE BY SUNRISE.



OH, LAZO, YOU ARE WONDERFUL!

BUT NEXT MORNING THE CATTLEMEN SHOW NO SIGNS OF LEAVING THE WATER HOLE. INSTEAD....

BUENOS DIAS, SENORS! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR PROMISE TO LEAVE WHEN THE SUN HE RISE IN THE SKY!

WHATTA YA MEAN, LEAVE? WE BOUGHT THIS WATER HOLE LAST NIGHT!



GOOD TRICK, SENOR, CHANGE BRAND ON CATTLE. MAYBE YOU STEAL CATTLE LIKE WATER-HOLE? NO!

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, KID! AND BEAT IT BEFORE WE FILL YA FULL OF LEAD!



HI, YI, CHAPULI! CHAPULI!



CHAPULI, WHICH IS MEXICAN FOR GRASS-HOPPER, HEARS HIS MASTER'S VOICE AND GALLOPS LIKE THE WIND TO HIS RESCUE.

CAREFUL! SENOR!



ADIOS, SENORS! AND NOW WATCH OUT FOR THE STAMPEDE.

YOU TRY ANY TRICKS, KID, AND I'LL DRILL DRYLIGHT THROUGH YUH!



WITH RECKLESS DARING, THE LAZO KID RIDES IN THE MIST OF THE HERD, FIRING HIS GUN, SWINGING HIS LAZO AND FILLING THE AIR WITH BLOOD CURDLING YELLS.

HI YI! YAHOO!



THE CATTLE THIEVES ARE AMAZED TO SEE THE LAZO KID STAMPEDING THEIR HERD RIGHT BEFORE THEIR EYES.

I'LL DRILL YOU FOR THAT! YOU-

WE SHOULD'VE KILLED THAT SHEEP HERDER WHILE WE HAD HIM HERE!



MISSED! WE GOT AWAY BEHIND THEM ROCKS!

WE'RE STAMPEDING THE CATTLE! --- HERE THEY COME! --- RUN FOR IT!



THE THUNDERING HERD BEARS DOWN ON THE CATTLE THIEVES.

NOTHIN' CAN STOP THEM NOW!

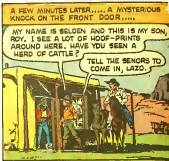
QUICK! I KNOW A SHORT CUT. MAYBE WE CAN HEAD 'EM OFF!



YOU SHOULD SEE, MARITA, HOW THE CATTLE RUN LIKE CLOUDBURST.

OH, LAZO! YOU HAVE SAVED US AGAIN!





THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE DO THEIR BEST TO TRY TO STOP THE STAMPEDING HERD.



I KNOW YOU, MARDEN! AND YOU RIVERS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! STOP!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK SHERIFF! COME AND GET US!

THE STAMPEDING LONGHORNS SWEEP DOWN THE MAIN STREET AND WRECK EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH.



BUT HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU, SHERIFF! AND DON'T SAY I NEVER GAVE YOU ANYTHING!



ONE OF THE POSSE IS HIT BY AN OUTLAW.



LET EM HAVE IT MEN! SHOOT TO KILL!

MARDEN AND RIVERS ARE ALMOST CLEAR OF TOWN WHEN SELDEN, ROY AND THE KID SPRING FROM AMBUSH.



RUSH THE CATTLE, FIRE YOUR GUNS AND YELL! MAKE THE CATTLE HILL IN THE STREET!

YIPPEE! YIPPEE! LET'S GO! KID!

THE DARING SCHEME WORKS AND THE HERD STARTS MILLING IN THE STREET.



YOU DID IT, KID! YOU'VE SAVED MY CATTLE!

GET MARDEN AND RIVERS! THE MURDERERS, THEY TRY TO GET AWAY!

AS THE CATTLE MILL AROUND, MARDEN AND RIVERS BREAK FOR FREEDOM.

YOU GIVE NECKTIE PARTY TO OTHERS. I BREENG THESE MAL HOMBRES BACK TO PARTY.



THE LAZO KID OUTGUESSES THE OUTLAWS AND ARRIVES AT THE MARTINEZ WATER HOLE AHEAD OF THEM.

OKAY, SENORS, I'M HERE TO TAKE YOU BACK!

WE'LL PUT YOU AWAY FER GOOD THIS TIME, KID!

YOU SAID IT! AND AFTER VER DAID WE'LL GET THAT SHEEP HERDER, MARTINEZ!



ALL HIS BULLETS GONE, THE LAZO KID CLIMBS UP BEHIND THE OUTLAWS....

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW. ALL HIS BULLETS MUST BE GONE.

YEAH, HE HASN'T RETURNED OUR FIRE IN A LONG WHILE, NOW.



YOU'RE RIGHT, SENORS, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, BEFORE I GEEVE THE SHERIFF A PACKAGE TIED UP NICE AND TIGHT.



THEN THE LAZO KID AND PEORO ESCORT THE OUTLAWS TO YUMA PASS WHERE THE SHERIFF AWAITS THEM.

HA, PEORO! THE SENORS WOULD RATHER BE DEAD THAN FOLLOW BEHIND A BILLYGOAT!



THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTY THANK YOU, LAZO!

IT WAS VEREE EXCITING AND A GREAT PLEASURE, SHERIFF!



I'LL RACE YOU BACK HOME, LAZO!

NO, PEORO, LET'S TAKE IT EASY, IT WOULD BE A GREAT INDIGNITY FOR PROUD CHAPULI TO BE BEATEN BY A BILLY GOAT.



# THE GALLOPING GHOST OF THE RANGE

# "DUSTY" BALLEW

GO GET HIM, DUSTY!

YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT BETTER'N THAT, PARTNER.... IF YOU RECKON ON STOPPIN' ME!

FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE RUSTLERS RODE, BRISING SUDDEN DEATH WITH THEM, AND DUSTY BALLEW, THE GALLOPING GHOST OF THE RANGE, AIDED BY GUMPTION JONES, HAS HIS HANDS FULL, WHEN HE TANGLES WITH DANGER 'AS HE SMASHES "THE RANGE - LAND KILLERS"!



NOT FAR FROM DODGE CITY, DUSTY AND GUMPTION MEET UP WITH A LONE COW PUNCHER---

HOWDY, STRANGERS? WHAR YOU HEARDN?

WE'RE TAKIN' A GANDER AT DODGE. HOW COME YOU'RE RIDIN' HERD ALONE? LOOKS LIKE A BIG JOB FOR A SOLO.

OH, I DUNNO, DUSTY.... ONCE, BACK IN TEXAS I SODE HERD OF ELEVEN THOU-SAND HEAD AND...



DON'T RAY HIM NO MIND. HE TALKS FASTER'N HE CAN REMEMBER.

RECKON SO. WAAL, I'M RIDIN' FOR MUH PAPPY, AN' HE COULDN'T MAKE THE TRIP... SO HERE I AM... BY THE WAY, MUH HANDLES DON BRADLEY. WHAT'S YOURN?



I'M DUSTY BALLEW, AN' THAT OLD RACK-RAT IS GUMPTION JONES. I PONT KNOW WHY, BUT WE RIDE TOGETHER. SAY, BRAD -- YOU DONT MIND IF WE CAMP ALONG WITH YOU TONIGHT, DO YOU? IT'S GETTIN' DARK.



LATER...AROUND THE CAMPFIRE...

SAAAY, THAT'S  
NIGHTY FINE  
GRUB... AIN'T  
IT LIKE THAT  
SINCE I LEFT  
THE RANCH A  
WEEK AGO.

OH,  
GUMPTION'S  
A FINE  
COOK.

YES, SIR, I WAS  
PERSONAL COOK  
TO GENERAL  
FREMONT, WE WUZ  
CHASIN' THE REBS ALL  
THROUGH THESE  
PARTS AND...



YAAAAH...  
RECKON  
I'LL HIT  
THE SACK.

ME TOO,  
IT'S BEEN  
A HARD  
DAY.

CONARN! I NIEVER  
FINISH A STORY.  
WAAL, YOU TENDER-  
FEET GO TO SLEEP...  
I'LL DO THE DISHES...  
AN' CLEAN UP.



SUDDENLY...

A SHOT!

IT'LL  
STAMPEDE  
THE CATTLE.

GUMPTION!  
SADDLE THE  
HORSES!



I'LL HEED 'EM OFF!  
TAKE 'EM FROM THE  
OTHER SIDE!

RIGHT!



BUT BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE....

LET 'EM  
HAVE IT!

YAAAAH!

THEY GOT  
DOW!



GOOD! I KICKED  
ONE OF 'EM!

LET'S  
GO AFTER  
'EM, DUSTY.

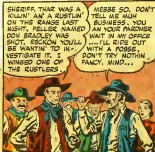


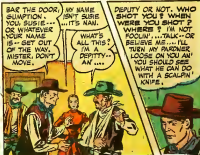
NO USE. THEY'RE  
TOO MANY FOR US,  
AN' WE HAVE TO  
SEE HOW BAD  
DOW IS HURT.  
WE'LL ATTEND  
TO THEM  
LATER.













YAHOO! HERE WE COME, SHERIFF!!!

YIPEEE! YAHOO! REMEMBER THE ALAMO!



DON'T SPARE THE HORSES, GUMPTION!

YAHOO! THIS MAKES ME FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER!



RECKON THE UNITED STATES MARSHALL HAVE A WORD TO SAY ABOUT THIS. NOTHIN' ROTTENER THAN A CROOKED SHERIFF.

YOU'RE CRAZY, BALLEW. YOU'LL SWING. I FOUND YOUR SPUR OUT THERE NEAR THE SCENE.

YES, AN' YOUR BOY SPILLED... YOU KNOW THE ONE DUSTY WINGED, SHERIFF... SAVE YOUR BREATH... YOU'LL NEED IT WHEN THE ROPES AROUND YOUR NECK.

LATER....

MR. BALLEW, I'M MAJOR OF DOGGE. WE WANT YOU FOR SHERIFF.

SORRY, MAYOR. ME AN' MY PARD AIM TO BE MOVIN' WHEN WE DELIVER THIS PASSEL TO THE MARSHAL AT THE FORT.

YEP. THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' MORE FOR US HERE.



YOU'RE WRONG, GUMPTION. THAT'S ONE THING MORE FOR ME TO DO.

WHAT'S THAT?

MISTER BALLEW, HOW DARE YOU ??? MISTER BALLEW!



THIS!!

MISTER BALLEW... MISTER... OH, SUFFER... WAL, I'LL BE HORN-SWOGGLED...



WAAH, THAT GOES A MAN... I SHOR HOPE HE COMES BACK SOME DAY...

SO DO I... SO DO I...



# THE DUDE GETS HIS DUDS DIRTY

THE cowpokes in Canyon City would have branded Bud Laney as a stuck-up duds. But Mom Laney was really to blame. For when Pop Laney died of sudden lead poisoning in a ruckus with some cattle rustlers, still roaming free, he left Mom a spread of fifty thousand acres of choice grazing land and a big herd of white-faced cattle, fat and sassy. Mom was a pretty tough boss herself, handy with a six-gun and a rifle, and able to ride herd with the best of them. But Mom was mushy about her only son, Bud, and would have fired any band on the place who would have even suggested that there was any flaw in the character of her handsome, curly-haired, blue-eyed duds of a son.

Mom kept Bud in college too long. And then she let him travel and see the world and its senoritas. Let him run wild until she suddenly woke up to the fact that she had an expensive, lazy, snob for a son. Then Mom with the abruptness that was part of her nature stopped sending Bud money. She was afraid it was too late, but she had to find out if Bud would ever be a man. So one day the ranch buckboard brought home from the railroad depot a playboy who was sold on the idea that work was a burden that fools carried on their shoulders and that trouble and danger were ghosts that haunted stupid mortals who didn't know how to dodge them.

It was old Ace Cassidy who drove Bud home from the depot. Ace, whose one weakness was stud poker, had been with the Diamond D outfit for over twenty years. He had loved old man Laney like a brother and he had been fond of Bud when he was a kid. But now, driving Bud home, it seemed to the little old wiry cowhand that Bud was dead and that in his shoes was an impostor who looked bored out of half-closed eyes and who swaggered not only when he walked and talked, but even when he sat.

"Well, I reckon, Bud, the first thing you'll be wanting to do, after you've told your Maw howdy, is to ride with me over the range to see what a spread you've got," said old Ace.

Bud looked at the horizon with dreamy eyes. "I don't know," he said, "that I'll be here very long. I'm very much surprised that Mom wasn't at the depot to meet me."

Ace stole a sharp glance at Bud from under bushy white eyebrows. "Like I told you, son, your Maw was aimin' to drive in with me, but

some ornery polcat rustlers cut the wire and stole some of the Diamond D cattle last night and she rode off with Vic Hammit, the foreman, at dawn to run them varmints down. She had her saddle-rifle with her and meant business. I ain't never seen her look so mad since your father was killed."

Bud hitched up his trousers, crossed his legs and folded his arms. "In other words: although my mother is a very rich woman, a few head of cattle are more important to her than greeting her only son she hasn't seen in five years."

Ace bit the ends of his scraggly gray moustache. "Oh, that ain't it at all, Bud. Your Maw's always been crazy about you, and you know it. But, it's a funny thing. She's never given up hope of running down the rustler that killed your Paw and—"

"Great Scott, man!" exploded Bud. "That's been over ten years ago. The man who killed Pop is probably dead by now. Besides, when is this country going to grow up and hire law and order to punished its killers and cattle thieves?"

"Oh, we got a Sheriff, right enough. But your Maw figures that punishing the snake who killed your old man is her particular business. And from what she told me, she'll be mighty disappointed if you don't see it that way, too."

Ace and Bud were rolling up the tree-arched driveway to the old ranch house, now. Bud put his arm lightly on Ace's shoulder and said in a condescending voice, "My dear Ace. I wouldn't soil my hands on such dirty scoundrels. Don't forget that I've been living in civilization so long now that I shouldn't be expected to be savage about this old tragedy or any new one."

This time Ace bit his tongue to hold back speech. But he thought bitterly, "Yeah, you hunk of mush, you been livin' in civilization off the money we savages back here have been sweatin' and sheddin' blood for."

Bud strode into the long hall of the old ranch house like a conquering hero. But he or anybody else would have been hard put to have named anything he had ever conquered. He called loudly for his mother, like he used to squawk for his dinner when a kid, thought Ace. But the Mexican cook said she hadn't come back yet. It was near noon. And Bud was hungry. He washed up, instead of eating in the kitchen with old Ace as

the other cowhands, he had his dinner sent up to his room. Then he took a nap and about four o'clock he opened up his steamer trunk and took out a brand new cowboy outfit that would have knocked any rodeo for a loop in its biggest list.

Bud almost wore out the mirror, dodging himself up. Then he decided that a little canter before sundown with Ace as his groom would give the desired edge to his appetite for supper. About an hour later, the Diamond D cowboys coming in for supper saw a tall, well-set-up young man with a smooth boyish face stride out from the house to the corral. His long legs were clad in white angora chaps, he sported a pearl white ten gallon hat and white leather boots, hand-tooled and stitched in red. Long white gauntlet gloves protected his gentlemanly hands from the dirt of this workaday world. Bud was really something for to see and the cowboys grinned and whistled at him as if he were a good looking dame.

But Bud ignored the ill mannered underlings, rounded up Ace Cassidy, who saddled a lively calico pony for him, and together they set out for a ride. The cowpokes pitied the city slicker and Mom Laney who owned him for a son, but they had to admit that he sat his horse as if he had been there before.

Ace said, "I sort of expected you earlier, but what you say we ride out toward that hole in the fence them rustlers made? Your Maw is way past due and I'm gittin' worried about her."

"Yeah," said the self-centered Bud, "this is a mighty strange way to treat an only son she hasn't seen in a long time."

"I just hope that nothing's happened to her and Vie Hammit," said old Ace.

They rode along in silence and Bud found himself drinking deep of the fresh, cool mountain air and suddenly of the fountain of memories of his life on the ranch before he went away. Something stirred within him and he felt a pressing eagerness to see and embrace his mother.

He quickened the pace of his horse and said to Ace, "Come on, old timer. How much further is it?"

"Oh, just about a mile."

Dusk was settling down when they came to the hole in the fence. It either hadn't been repaired or the wire had been cut again. Something white caught Ace's eye. He got off his horse and pulled a sheet of paper off the barbs of the wire.

"I ain't got my glasses, doggone it," said Ace, handing the paper up to Bud.

Bud turned the paper toward the light from the setting sun and read aloud:

**WE'RE HOLDING MOM LANEY FOR \$10,000 RANSOM. BRING THE MONEY TOMORROW NIGHT TO THE OLD CABIN AT THE HEAD OF BEAVER CREEK OR ELSE. . .**

"Why the dirty so and sos!" exclaimed Bud, spurring his horse through the gap in the fence.

"Hey, boy, where you think you're going?" yelled Ace, swinging a quick leg over his own saddle.

"To that cabin on Beaver Creek. I been there many a time when I was a kid."

"But you ain't even got a gun on, Bud," said old Ace.

"I don't need a gun. I'll tear that kidnaper apart with my two bare hands," Bud yelled back.

"That rustler kill yuh on sight," warned Ace.

"Oh, yeah!" shouted Bud. "Who does he think he is, trying to lay it on the line to-a Laney?"

It was dark when Bud and Ace reached the cabin, but a light shone through a window. Bud and Ace got off their horses to reconnoiter. Bud scolded Ace for being so noisy. Bud peeped in the window; he saw Mom tied to a chair, a gag in her mouth. And seated before her a man with a rifle in his lap, a tough looking hombre, reading a newspaper. Mom was looking toward the window as if her sharp ears had caught some sound. Her eyes were popping.

"Better let me go for the Sheriff," whispered Ace.

"Sheriff nothing!" said Bud, the short hairs rising on his neck.

"He's got a rifle and you ain't got a chance. Let's handle this in a civilized way, Bud," pleaded old Ace.

Bud didn't wait to knock. He burst through the door. The man grabbed for his rifle, but Bud made a flying tackle and they both crashed to the floor: Ace untied Mom and she frantically tried to separate the two men. In fact Ace helped her. But they did not succeed until Bud had a black eye and the man's mouth was bleeding.

"Bud, Bud," cried Mom. "Stop before you kill my new husband and the best foreman I ever had."

Bud stared in unbelief. Then he tumbled. It was all a pot up job to test him out. His pretty new clothes were dirty and bloody.

Mom Laney gave her son a hug. "Oh, Bud, my boy, you didn't wait until tomorrow like the note said. You came right away."

Bud felt sore and humiliated. But just then old Ace started laughing. And first thing he knew, Bud was laughing, too. He shook hands with his new father-in-law. It was good to be home again.

# ROD ROPER

FOILS A FRAME-UP!

COME ON IN, HOMINEY,  
AND WASH OFF SOME  
OF THAT ROAD DIRT!

WHAT FUZ?  
TH'S AINT SATURDAY  
NIGHT!

ON THE TEXAS SHORE OF THE  
RIO GRANDE, ROD ROPER  
IS TRYING TO GET HIS PAL  
HOMINEY RIFE TO WET HIS  
WHISKERS... WHILE AN  
ESCAPED CONVICT WAITS  
NEARBY.

HOMINEY'S CLOTHES ARE TOO SMALL, BUT  
THE CONVICT WRITES A NOTE OF THANKS  
JUST THE SAME.

I HATE TO DO  
THIS, BUT THERE'S  
NO OTHER  
WAY.



I, KNEW TO HAVE BAD LUCK IF I TOOK A BATH AFTER SATURDAY! ALL I GOT NOW IS THIS NOTE AND HIS JAIL FEATHERS!

YOU SHOULD'VE HAD YOUR DUDS LIKE I DID. WHAT DOES THE NOTE SAY?

*Dear Friend  
I'm desperate.  
Sorry, but I'm desperate.  
If you come back at dawn  
you'll find all your clothes  
where you left them.  
Thanks!*

YOU STAY HERE WHILE I RUSTLE UP SOME CLOTHES FOR YOU.

WHEEY UP! THIS SUIT ITCHES!

THE NEW SHERIFF OF CACTUS COUNTY AND HIS DEPUTY ARE ON THE PROWL FOR AN ESCAPED CONVICT...

THERE HE IS, LEW!

THIS IS ALL A BIG MISTAKE, SHERIFF!

YOU CAN EXPLAIN ALL THAT TO THE WARDEN!

YOU CALL THAT CRITTER A HOSSE? WHAT CIRCUS DID YOU STEAL IT FROM?

MY DONY'S NAME IS SHAGO, AND WE'LL OUTFOOT THEM NAGS OF YOUN' ANY DAY!

HAVING BOUGHT A NEW OUTFIT FOR HOMINEY, ROD ROPER IS AMAZED TO SEE THE SHERIFF TAKING HOMINEY TO JAIL.



JUST REST YOURSELF IN THERE UNTIL THE WARDEN COMES.



I TELL YOU, THIS IS A MISTAKE, AND WAIT TILL MY DAD ROD ROPER HEARS OF THIS!



WHO ARE YOU? WHATTA YOU WANT BUSTIN' INTO MY OFFICE LIKE THIS?



MY NAME'S ROD ROPER AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU YOU HAVEN'T NO RIGHT TO LOCK UP MY OLD DAD HOMINEY RIFE!!



SHERIFF, THE MAN YOU WANT STOLE HOMINEY'S CLOTHES, WHY DON'T YOU PHONE THE WARDEN?



I'M GETTING HIM RIGHT NOW ...TO COLLECT A FAT REWARD!



..AND YOU SAY, WARDEN, THIS REYNOLDS WERE LOOKING FOR IS A YOUNG MAN.. TALL..BLOND..ZAT BO? HM..WELL,YSEE, I'M NEW HERE--BUT I'LL CATCH HIM!!



HERE YARE, HOMINEY, OLD CUSS. PUT ON YOUR NEW FEATHERS. YOU'RE FREE AS A BIRD!



I KNEW YOU'D DO IT, ROD!



BOO...WHY DON'T WE  
CAPTURE THE CONVICT  
INSTEAD OF LETTING  
THE SHERIFF DO IT  
AND GET THE  
REWARD?

BECAUSE, HONNEY, I  
GOT A HUNCH THAT  
BOB REYNOLDS IS AN  
HONEST YOUNG MAN.  
IF HE'S INNOCENT, I'M  
GONNA TO PROVE IT.



IT DON'T MAKE  
SENSE. IF HE'S  
INNOCENT, HOW  
COME HE STOLE  
MY CLOTHES?

IF HE'S A CROOK, HOW  
COME HE TOOK TIME TO  
WRITE THAT NOTE?  
I'LL BET HE'S HIDING  
OUT IN THAT HOUSE!



IN THE HOUSE...

WATCH SHARP, SON.  
THE SHERIFF WILL BE  
A-LOOKIN' FOR YOU.

WERT BOBBS  
FRAMED ME, MOM,  
AND I'M GOING TO  
PROVE IT. THANKS  
FOR THE HORSE  
AND GUN.



HOW DID YOU FIND  
OUT WHERE REYNOLDS'  
MOTHER LIVES, BOO?

OH, I ASKED  
SOME QUESTIONS  
AROUND CACTUS  
GULCH -- SHH! HERE  
HE COMES NOW!



WAIT A MINUTE, FRIEND. I  
WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



OH YEAH? BETTER NOT  
FOLLOW 'ME, OR YOU'LL  
GET HURT!





SO REYNOLDS RETURNS HOWNEY'S CLOTHES AND TELLS HOW WIRT BOGGS USED TO SKIMMABLE STOLEN CATTLE ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE.

JUST HOW DID YOU GET ANKED UP IN THIS?

COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU.



I USED TO RUN THAT FERRY FOR MEN AND HORSES BETWEEN TEXAS AND MEXICO. ONE NIGHT, TO MY AMAZEMENT, I HAD TO FERRY SOME CONVOYS WITH ABOUT FIFTY HEAD OF CATTLE. WHEN WE GOT TO TEXAS, WIRT BOGGS, WHO HIRED ME TO BRING BACK HIS COWBOYS, HAD DISAPPEARED AND TEXAS RANGERS WERE WAITING INSTEAD!



SO THAT CROOK WIRT BOGGS LET YOU AND HIS COWBOYS TAKE THE RAP FOR HIM FOR STEALING AND SKIMMABLE CATTLE.

YES, MR. BOPE... HE SWORE TO THE JURY THAT I SKIMMED THE WHOLE THING WHILE HE WAS HOME SOUND ASLEEP.



WELL, HE'S NOT HOME SOUND ASLEEP NOW. LOOK!

WELL, I'LL BE HOGTIED IF IT AIN'T WIRT BOGGS H-SELF!



FROM THE MEXICAN SHORE, THE COWBOYS OF WIRT BOGGS SKIM THE STOLEN CATTLE ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE.



LET ME GO! I'LL MAKE WIRT BOGGS TELL THE TRUTH!

NO, BOY, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE ENOUGH. HOLD HIM, HOWNEY, WHILE I FETCH THE SHERIFF.



MEXICAN POLICE CHASE THE AMERICAN COWBOYS INTO THE RIO GRANDE AND HOT LEAD TAKES ITS TOLL.



TO PROTECT HIS STOLEN CATTLE, WIRT BOGGS FIRES AT THE PURSUING MEXICANS.



MEANWHILE, ROO ROPER MEETS THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY ON THE ROAD.

COME QUICK, SHERIFF, AND YOU'LL SEE PROOF THAT REYNOLDS IS INNOCENT.



SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH WIRT BOGGS!

COME BACK HERE, YOU DAD-BLASTED YOUNG HOT-HEAD!



ROO AND THE SHERIFF ARRIVE JUST AS A BULLET PIERCES WIRT BOGGS' BACK.



NO, REYNOLDS, NO!

AND NOW, REYNOLDS, YOU'LL HANG FOR MURDER!

I NEVER SHOT HIM, SHERIFF!

HIS GUN HADN'T BEEN FIRED, SHERIFF.

HOW DO I KNOW YOU DIDN'T LOAD IT UP AGAIN? REYNOLDS, YOU'RE THROUGH!





Bob Reynolds never shot me  
a bullet from the cowboy-police  
battle got me. Reynolds never  
stole or smuggled cattle either  
I framed him  
Wirt Briggs



The End.

## TRUE LOVE STORIES

THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE WHICH EVERY YOUNG GIRL MUST FACE, VIVIDLY TOLD IN EASY-TO-READ FORM--



MARY WAS A RURAL SCHOOL TEACHER-- HER LIFE WAS DULL AND ROUTINE!-- BUT THEN JIM WATERS CAME TO SCHOOL--- AND THE EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED SWEEPED JIM AND MARY INTO THE CENTER OF A STORM OF GOSSIP---

Read "I FELL IN LOVE WITH MY STAR PUPIL!"

JUST ONE OF THE DRAMA-PACKED TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!



# in the MAY-JUNE ISSUE OF *young* Romance

52 PAGES OF REAL LIFE COMICS

FROM THE HEADLINES OF CRIME...



# TRUE

## FAMOUS DETECTIVE CASES

REPORTED VIVIDLY AND ACCURATELY FROM ACTUAL CRIMINAL FILES!

REAL EXPOSE'S UNCOVERING THE FACTS BEHIND WORLD FAMOUS RACKETS AND RACKETEERS!

# HEADLINE COMICS

52 PAGES OF EXPLOSIVE CRIME STORIES!



# "DUSTY" BALLEW

DOESN'T LOOK  
SO GOOD,  
GUMPTION.  
DOES IT?

WAAL, IT COULD  
BE WUSS, DUSTY...  
COULD BE A WHOLE  
LOT WUSS....

**D**USTY  
BALLEW, THE  
GALLOPING GHOST  
OF THE RANGE,  
AND HIS TALK-  
ATIVE PARTNER,  
GUMPTION JONES,  
FIND THEMSELVES  
IN A VERY TOUGH  
SPOT WHEN,  
"THE BANDIT  
SWITCHED  
HORSES!"

ART - AL CARRENO  
STORY - IRVING NERSTEIN

AS THE WELLS-FARGO EXPRESS, CARRYING  
THE PAYROLL FOR THE LEAD MINERS, NEARS  
LEADVILLE, COLORADO.....

OKAY, YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO DO!

YOU  
SET!

DON'T MAKE A MOVE,  
OR I'LL GIVE YOU A  
BELLYFUL OF LEAD.  
THE PAYROLL'S IN  
THE MONEY BAGS,  
PARTNER. GET IT.

YEP, HERE  
IT IS.

I WON'T FOR-  
GET THEM.  
PINTOS, COULD  
SPOT 'EM  
ANYWHERE.

NOT FAR AWAY.....

...WAAL, DUSTY, TWASN'T EASY FOR ME TO HOLD BACK THEM FIVE HUNDRED SIOUX INJUNS ALL BY MYSELF... BUT I DONE IT....

HA! HA! GUMPTION -- YOU KILL ME... WHY EVEN A SCHOOL CHILD COULD SEE THROUGH THAT STORY.



SHOR... BUT YOU AINT A SCHOOL CHILD! HAW! HAW!

GUMPTION, YER JUST AN ORNERY OLD LYIN' REPROBATE... BUT I LIKE YOU.



DON'T REACH, GENTS... JUST DO AS I SAY.

RECKON SO, YOU SURE GOT THE DROP WITH THAT DERRINGER....



YOU HAVE A SHARP EYE, PARDNER. THERE AINT MANY MEN WHO CARRY A DERRINGER, I LIKE IT! ITS UNUSUAL, AN I GO IN FOR THE UNUSUAL. NOW, FRIEND... STAND UP WITH YOUR HAND ON YOUR HEAD, WHILE WE BORROW YOUR HORSES.



GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE SENSIBLE. ARE YOU READY, PARDNER?

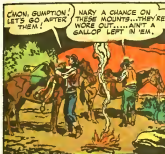
ANOTHER MINUTE.



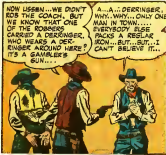
THERE'S YOUR IRONS, MEN. THEY'RE EMPTY, SO LONG.

I'LL MEET YOU SOMETIME WHEN THEY AINT EMPTY....









DOES HE  
GAMBLE?  
IF YOU KNOW  
MAN---TALK  
UP---OUR  
LIVES ARE  
AT STAKE.

YEAH...  
HE'S  
ALLUS  
AT THE  
TABLE....  
AN' LATELY  
HE'S LOST  
HEAVY.

THAT'S THE WHOLE  
THING IN A NUTSHELL.  
HE SOWS HIS OWN  
PAYROLL, KEEPS IT,  
PLUS THE INSURANCE  
FROM WELLS-FARGO  
...AN' THE MEN ARE  
LEFT HOLDIN' THE  
BAG.



I'LL KILL THE FIRST  
MAN WHO MOVES.  
WHICH ONE IS  
PETERS?

HM...



WELL, IT'S MY  
DERRINGER  
PACKIN' FRIEND,  
WE MEET  
AGAIN....

THAT'S  
YOR  
ROBBIN'  
BOYS!

WHAT DOES ALL  
THIS PROVE, MEN?  
WE DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
TALKIN' ABOUT.



BUT I DO! YOU'VE  
BEEN LOSIN' HEAVY  
AT THE GAMBLIN'  
TABLE....SO YOU ADD  
THE PAYROLL...YOU  
SWITCH HORSES  
WITH THESE BOYS.  
AN' TRY TO PIN IT  
ON THEM. BESIDES  
...YOU'RE THE ONLY  
MAN HERE WHO  
CARRIES A  
DERRINGER.

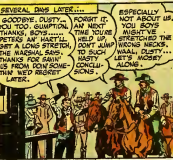


UH HUH! YOU  
FORGET  
ONE THING...



I ALSO CARRY  
A .44...COME  
ON DIVE!





# "DUSTY" BALLEW

## THE GALLOPING GHOST OF THE RANGE



ACROSS THE WIDE RANGE LAND, LIKE A WHIRLING TORNADO, RIDES "DUSTY" BALLEW, AND HIS SIDE-KICK, GUMPTION JONES.....WITH HIS TWO SIX SHOOTERS READY IN THE HOLSTER, AND HIS HAND FISTS CLENCHED, DUSTY BALLEW, THE GALLOPING GHOST OF THE RANGE, IS READY TO FIGHT FOR THE UNDER-DOG, AT THE DROP OF A HAT, OR THE SOUND OF A SHOT!!!!



THIS IS DUSTY BALLEW.....TOUGH, ROUGH AND RUBBED!! A PRODUCT OF THE OLD WEST, WHEN MEN TALKED WITH THEIR GUNS.....AND A SLOW DRAW SPILLED A GRAVE IN BLOOD! RIDE WITH DUSTY AND GUMPTION AS THEY HIT THE TRAIL OF HIGH ADVENTURE.....ON THE WILD, UNTRAMPAID RANGE OF THE WEST!!!





# AMERICA'S GREATEST Zipper<sup>®</sup> BILLFOLD BARGAIN!

BILLFOLDS ARE PRINTED IN  
*Breath Taking Colors!*

Your Choice  
**\$1.98**  
PLUS TAX



Style 536—Mexican Girl



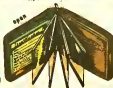
Style 537—Mexican Devils



Style 538—U. S. Map



Style 549—Spring Scene



Style 535—Buffalo Hunt



Style 539—Male Girl



Style 544—Indian Scene



Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers



Style 535—Texas Ranger



Style 546—Covered Wagon

**SENSATIONAL VALUE!** A handsome all-around Zipper Billfold brightly decorated in scintillating colors. Illustrations shown herewith are faithful reproductions showing the beautiful colored scenes embossed on these billfolds. Can't rub off. Other attractive features include Multi-In Zipper Change Purse, Deluxe Post Case and a roomy, Currency Compartment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush your order and picture choice on the coupon below.

Social Security Plate only 35c



You can have this beautiful three color Social Security Plate with your billfold for under 50¢ extra. Price includes engraving of your Social Security Number, plus full name and address and your phone number. Send 12¢ in coin or express check of 25¢ with when information and bill shipping postage prepaid.

**SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon With Your Billfold Selection!**

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept 28-43A1237 Loyale Ave., Chicago 34, Ill.**  
Enclosed: Rush me the Zipper Billfold Selection (Style 535) in the picture chosen below. I will pay (insert coin \$1.00 plus tax and for return postage and C.O.D. charges on order). I will be fully satisfied or I will return the billfold within ten days for refund.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS: ☐ style 536 (circle number and subject)

If none (that was desired) is being ordered, state how many here: \_\_\_\_\_

MY NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_

# TALK - SING - PLAY

THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO

With the *Super* HOME RADIO  
**MIKE!**



**Fool Your  
Friends -  
Give Your Own  
Radio Shows**

*Easily Attaches to Any Radio*

Amaze and mystify your friends by talking about them over your own radio. Create and broadcast shows, commercials, and "news flashes". Just flick the button of this professional, studio type "mike" and you cut in instantly on any program, make believe you are an with the big stars. Surprise friends in your home by mentioning their names on the big network shows. It's loads of fun for adults and kids.

Complete - nothing else to buy. This professional looking switch button mike comes complete with illustrated instructions . . . shows how to install on your radio. "MIKE" has long insulated cord - complete ready to attach.

*Money  
Back  
Guarantee*

*Only*  
**\$1.98**  
*Complete*



Covers  
completes  
with  
6 foot  
cord

**SEND NO MONEY!**

Examine and try this swell "MIKE" at home without risk. Send no money - just name and address on penny postcard and we'll ship C.O.D. plus postage, or send \$2.00 and we ship postpaid. No C.O.D. outside U.S.A.

**SEYCO MIKE CO.** Dept. MB-134  
230 Grand St., New York 13, N. Y.

- ☐ Send MIKE C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. on arrival.  
☐ I'm enclosing \$2 send postpaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# LOVMEE CASUALS

"Smart Set" styles  
sold direct to you  
at new lowest prices!



**PLAZA**—What could be more gay? It's a foam-fattering body doll last creation in black suede, at \$4.95 or in a virile, shimmering all-over red or black at \$5.95. Light as a feather—with extra long-wearing plastic soles.

Narrow widths . . . Sizes 2½-5  
Medium widths . . . Sizes 4-9



**RITZ**—You'll find comfort as well as smart style in this gay ring-back sandal! Comes in three colors: red, all, wooded oak and white oak. Medium widths and full sizes only.

Sizes 4-9 . . . . . \$3.95

**ALGONQUIN**—Braided mosaic of genuine leather with partly buckled belt and light-weight, durable rubber soles. Medium widths only in brown, red, black, white and combinations of red & white and brown & white. Full sizes only.

Sizes 4-9 . . . . . \$5.95



**NOTE:** You don't have to send a penny—just pay the postman the rest of the shoe as delivery, plus a few cents postage. If you want to send a check or money order, however, it saves us bookkeeping—in we pass the savings on to you by paying the postage in one step, you have the privilege of receiving the shoes within ten days if you are not fully pleased.

## SEND NO MONEY!

Think of it—you don't have to send a penny—just select the styles and colors you like best. When the postman delivers your Lovmees, you pay him. Then you try on your dancing Lovmees in the comfort of your own home, and if they aren't the smartest looking, most flattering sandals you've ever seen, you may return them within 30 days and every penny will be cheerfully refunded.

With today's high store prices—this is the sensible way to buy shoes—direct to you, with no high rents, no salespeople's salaries added on. That's why these well-made, ultra stylish sandals are worth so much more than they cost! Order your Lovmees today—they are lovely to look at, delightful to wear!

The sooner you mail this coupon, the sooner you'll be wearing the most comfortable, eye-catching shoes you've ever owned!

## LOVMEE SHOES

Dept. 8-1, 871 Broad Street, Newark 2, New Jersey

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:

PAIRS	STYLE & PRICE	COLOR	SIZE	WIDTH
	Plaza . . . . . @ 4.95			
	Plaza . . . . . @ 5.25			
	Ritz . . . . . @ 3.95			
	Algonquin @ 3.95			

Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .  
City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .  
2nd Choice Color . . . . .  
Check . . . . . Money Order . . . . . C.O.D. (plus postage) . . . . .  
(We prepay postage if full payment accompanies order)

**SENT ON APPROVAL—SEND NO MONEY**

# LOVMEE CASUALS

## LOVMEE SHOES

871 Broad Street, Newark 2, N.J.

# Here it is! "The Triple Header" AMERICA'S Sensational NEW WRITING TRIO!

A Beautiful  
Matching Set WITH  
YOUR NAME ENGRAVED

LOOK AT  
THESE FEATURES

• Newest-type  
handed point



• Fast, sure, lever-free  
Attached-style clip

• Propulsion  
pencil action  
• Controlled eraser



A PERFECT WRITING  
INSTRUMENT TO MEET  
YOUR EVERY WRITING NEED

• Writes on  
any fabric surface  
Makes 1 to 4 carbons



• Writing dry—  
will not bleed

FOUNTAIN  
PEN

MECHANICAL  
PENCIL

BALL  
POINT PEN



ALL THREE FOR ONLY

**\$2<sup>98</sup>**

You get this matching set  
complete with your NAME  
smartly ENGRAVED and  
in an attractive GIFT BOX  
as pictured above.

There's never been a merchandise bargain to compare with the "Triple Header" matching 3-piece Pen and Pencil set we have offered you. You can shop every store and bargain counter from coast to coast. We guarantee that you won't find the equal of this set anywhere for the amazingly low price of only \$2.98 with YOUR NAME engraved on all three pieces. Why? Because this new, all-purpose Writing Trio offer is exclusive with us, made possible only because of our tremendous purchasing power and large volume direct-to-you method of distribution. Understand—you don't get just a fountain pen, or just a ball point pen, or just a mechanical pencil—even though the \$2.98

price of this offer is less than you might ordinarily expect to pay for a good pen alone. Here, now, you get ALL THREE in a handsome, matching set with gold effect band and clip, each piece beautifully engraved with your own name and delivered to you in a most attractive velvet-like Gift Box, all for the ONE LOW PRICE of only \$2.98. Now, in fact, is the kind of set you've always wanted, now priced so low you can't afford to be without it.

Over 2 Million Satisfied Illinois Merchandise Mart Customers

MAIL \$1.00 DEPOSIT WITH THIS ORDER COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3612

1237 Loyola Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois

Enclosed is \$1.00. Rush us the new "Triple Header" Writing Trio with my name engraved on fountain pen and the C.O.D. balance of only \$1.98 plus low sales and/or shipping fee after 10 day money back guarantee offer.

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON MY SET

My name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ SHIPMENT IS \$2.98 in addition to sales & S.H. and shipping charges. Rush me to be delivered to my home address, my present address for your reference.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

# PRIZE COMICS

## WESTERN

NO. 69

MAY, JUNE  
10c

I'VE ROPED LOTS OF STEERS, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER CAUGHT A COYOTE!

CONSERN YOU, BALLEW, I NEVER COULD GET THE DROP ON YOU!

PRIZE WESTERN

69

MAY-JUNE 1948

COVER AL CARRENO\*

"DUSTY" BALLEW CARRENO 13

THE LAZO KID RUDY POKUS? & MARY BAILEY? 7

DB - THE RANGE LAND KILLERS CARRENO 7

THE DUO GETS HIS DUOS DUEY TEXT 2

ROD ROOPER DICK BRIEFER 8

DO THE BOWT SWITCHED HORSES IN "WESTERN" CARRENO\* 7

"DUSTY" BALLEW - CARRENO 1

STARRING---  
**DUSTY BALLEW**  
The Galloping Ghost of the Range

CARRENO